THE LONG AGO.

DY NINETTE M. LOWATER And the resy day is dying.

And the night comes on a pace,
And the evening will de are sighing
With a wild, enchanting grace, ft before my memory a vision Pass the forms I used to know-

on dear and voices tender Of the Long Ago, Faces that the violets cover Paces that the violets cover
On a far and lonely tomb.
Lips unkissed by friend or lover
Smile and speak from out the gloom.
But too soon the dream has faded.
Like sweet music in its flow;
They are gone—the loved the cherished
Of the Long Ago.
BOCK ELM, Wis.

MY FIRST TIGER.

A Thrilling Adventure in Cochin China.



much interested in telegraphy, and I had a circular letter of introduction from Sir James Anderson, the managing director of the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company, I determined to pay these exiled electricians a visit. And then I learned that twelve years ago an operator had shot a tiger that had come on the veranda and looked in at the window while he was at work, and that three months ago another had been killed in a more orthodox way. So when the next steamer of the Messageries Maritimes picked up her pilot at 4 a. m., off Cape St. James, I tumbled with my things Into his boat and rowed ashore as the ship's sidelights disappeared in the

distance and the lighthouse began to grow pale in the sunrise. Next morning an Annamite hunter who had been sent out by Mr. Langdon, the Superintendent of the station, to look for tracks, returned and reported that he had built a "mirador," and we were to make our first attempt that evening. At 5:30 that afternoon we started, Mitt (that was his name or nickname) walking and running ahead, and I following him on a pony. We were on a small rising ground, dotted with bushes, in the middle of a rough tangle of forest and brushwood. looked for the "mirador," and, not finding it, I yelled an inquiry into I saw how a arvelously he had con-

Mitt's ear (for he was ..tone deaf). He pointed to a tree fifty yards away, and cealed it. He had chosen two slim trees growing four feet apart; behind these he had planted two bamboos at the other corners of the square, and then he had led two or three thickly leaved creepers from the ground, and wound them in and around and over a little platform and roof, till he had made a perfect nest of live foliage. The floor was about twenty feet from the ground, and it looked perilously half eaten, as we supposed, he was all fragile to hold two men. But it was a right except for five long scratches masterpiece of hunting-craft. In response to a peculiar cry from Mitt, two idently put out his paw and felt of him natives appeared with a little black pig with a natural curiosity as to what he slung on a pole, yelling lustily. The "mirador" (or "mechan," as I believe it is called in India) overlooked a slight depression in which an oblong pond had been constructed for the buffaloes to wallow in, as the ugly brutes can not work unless they are allowed to soak themselves two or three times a day. By the side of this Master Piggy was securely fastened, neck and heels, to his infinite disgust. Then the two natives took themselves off with their pole, Mitt gave me a "leg up" into the "mirador," which shook and swayed as we climbed gingerly in, and we ar-



ranged ourselves for our long watch. A soft cap instead of the big sup-helmet, the bottle of cold tea, and the flask put handy, half a dozen cartridges laid out, the rifle loaded and cocked. "The rest skin off his flank, as we afterward disis silence." Till 10:30 we sat like two covered. We took five minutes to restone Buddhas. Then five wild pigs cover from our scare, and then, as the came trotting down to the water to beast was practically helpless, we drink, which was an intensely welcome break in the monotony. At 11:30 Mitt made signs to me to go to sleep for a while and he would watch. At 12:30 tree, and he reported the sight of his he woke me, and immediately fell back | head. So I beckoned him down, climbed in his turn fast asleep. The rest, and up myrelf, pulled up the rifle after me, the consciousness that I had no longer and there I could distinctly see the the sharp eyes of my companion to rely | tiger about seventy yards away, sitting

watched every twig. Suddenly, in perfect silence and without the slightest warning, a big black he simply got up and turned half object flashed by the far side of the little pool. It was like the swoop past of an owl in the starlight, like the ly the right place, and he made a grab shadow of a passing bird, utterly noiseless and instantitions. Every nerve spun round three or four times, like a in my body was athrill, every muscle terries chasing his tail, and fell in a stiff with excitement. Slowly I put heap. At this moment the three other out my left hand and grasped my men, who had not gone home after all, sloeping companion hard by the leg, arrived on their ponies, so we walked If he made the slightest noise we were carefully up to him in line. There he lost. Like a trained hunter he awoke lay, or rather she, for it was a fine and lifted himself into a sitting posi-tion without a sound. Bifle to shoul- and very beautifully marked.

der we peeped through our peep-holes.

A moment later a blood-curdling scream broke the stillness, followed by yell after yell of utter terror. It was the wretched pig who had woke to find himself in the clutches of the tiger, and the effect on nerves strained in silence to their utmost tension was electrical. I shall never forget that moment. The tiger was there before me, he had the pig in his grasp, in another second he would probably be gone. And I could see nothing, absolutely nothing. It was pitch dark in the depression where he was standing, and I might as well have fired with my eyes shut. Stare as I would, I could not distinguish the least thing at which to aim. And all the time the pig was yelling loud enough to wake the dead. Suddenly I saw the same black shadow pass up the little incline for a dozen yards. The pig's screams dropped into a long howl. My heart sank. Had the tiger gone? No, for an instant afterward the shadow shot down the slope again and the yells broke out afresh. The situation was agonizing. I could hardly resist the temptation to fire both barrels at random into the darkness. Do I see something? Yes, the black mass of the pig, spinning head over heels on his ropes like a butterfly on a pin. And just above him a very pale faint curved line of white, It is the white horseshoe of the tiger's chest, and the inside of his forelegs, as he has turned for a moment in my direction. Now or never. A last glance



down the almost indistinguishable barrels, and I press the trigger. The blinding flash leaps out, the answering roar scares even the terrified pig into silence, and a blue veil of smoke, hiding everything, hangs before us. Mitt turned toward me with interrogation or repreach in his eyes, and shook his head doubtfully.

For two minutes we sat and listened. Then a long, hard-drawn breath, expelled in a painful, heavy sigh, came out of the bushes on our right. I never heard a sweeter sound in my life. It meant that the tiger was hit so badly that he could not get away at once, and evidently hit somewhere about his lungs. Every two minutes for half an hour this sobbing sigh was audible. Then it ceased, but no matter. If he was hurt as shadly as that we should get him for certain. So I lighted my pipe and tried to wait patiently for daylight. It was so long in coming that I began to think the sun had overslept itself, but at last at 5 o'clock we climbed down and stretched our cramped limbs; the coolie arrived at almost the same minute with the pony. the two natives returned with their pole, and we started out to reconnoiter. First, as to the pig. Instead of being right except for five long scratches down one side, where the tiger had evwas doing there. Just behind him were two deep footprints. That was all. No blood, no tracks, and we looked cautiously round without seeing a sign. Fifty yards away there was a stretch of grass three feet high where he was very likely to be hidden.

Where could the tiger be, anyway? Mitt and I walked over to the edge of the grass and looked carefully all along it for tracks. That moment came very near being the last for one of us. While we were peering about the tiger suddenly sat up in the grass not ten feet from us, and, with a tremendous roar, sprang clean out into the open. He was so near that it was out of the question to shoot. If I had flung my rifle forward it would have fallen on him. I could see his white teeth distinetly and the red gap of his throat. I remember even at that moment wondering how he could possibly open his mouth so wide. Mitt and I were, perhaps, ten yards apart, and the tiger leaped out midway between us. Instinctively the Annamite made a wild rush away on his side and I on mine. The tiger had evidently walked just far enough into the grass to be hidden and had then lain down. His presence there took us so completely by surprise that we were helpless. I may as well confess that my state of mind at that moment was one of dreadful funk. If the tiger had been slightly less wounded than he was, it is perfectly certain that in another instant he would have killed one or the other of us. We had not the remotest chance of escaping him by running away. But his first spring was evidently all he could manage, for he turned immediately and sneaked back into the cover. Mitt fired into the moving grass after him, in spite of upon, made me doubly attentive, and I on his haunches, with his back toward me. I aimed at his spine behind his shoulders, and when the bullet struck round, giving me a splendid chance. My second bullet struck him in exact-

with his mouth when it entered, then

ART SCHOOLS OF PARIS.

ORADO TAFT ON MODERN PRENCH SCULPTURE.

auses of Its Superiority Over That of Other Nations-Art Schools in Paris for the Masses, and the Results on National



personally con-ucted tourist the most remarkable feature of French art is its quantity. Be he asthetic or not, the American sojourner in Paris sned at the num-per of paintings and sculptures which that city nich that city entains and is er producing. If t all interested in culpture, he will atthe Louvre and do homage to he incomparable

BEATEIX, BY LEGNARD. Venus and the clorious "Winged Victory." Then, after aying his respects to the cold majesty of ther classic creatures, he will turn to ujet's writhing, striding, pouting god-lesses and heroes, and to Jean Goujon's ymphs of the graceful limbs, with all their numerous descendants. Tiring of the muand everywhere, perched on cornices, built nto facades, dabbling their cold toes in the



AT THE SALON-DEPARTMENT OF SCULPTURE. eine, playing pussy wants a corner in every little square and coign of vantage on the boulevards, he comes upon these superb products of France's living sculptors. If attracted rather by the brilliant canvas. the Louvre again offers, without money and without price, her feast of beauty. Miles of galleries, acres of pictures, many of them masterpieces of inestimable value. What an eestatic despair the true art lover eels in this presence! To him the Salon Carre is a kind of holy of holles, to be encarre is a kind of holy of holles, to be chtered with reverence. When at length he
anwillingly leaves these heirlooms of the
bast, he crosses one of the many bridges
panning the Seine, and soon finds himself
in the Gallery of Luxembourg, where another choice display of paintings and
eculptures awaits him. These are the gems
if the Salon; the works of living French
masters while yet various away have here nasters, while yet young some have here nilded unto themselves the monument of perishable fame.

It is at the renowned Salon itself, how-ver, that one begins to gain some idea of be immense creative activity of the rench artists. You climb the grand stairway and enter the first great hall. Look o right or left, and as far as eye can see, mens a vista of portais and color-laden rells. Your catalogue contains the num-bers and titles of over four thousand paint-

lags.

Before beginning this delightful, exhausting round step out for a moment on to this allery, from which you can see the great arden beneath. Here, as in a gigantic reen-house, turi and flowers and singing irds lend their charm to a wilderness of tatuary—one thousand pieces, none of hem having ever been seen here before, nd next year, new parterres and decoraions and one thousand more works of culpture; that is, so many admitted, and perhaps a greater number "left out in the cold." Evidently some one has been at work during the last twelve months!
Where do they



The supports this hemian army of rtists? As to the upport no earthly being, I fancy, can inswer; but if you will tollow me cross the river ce more into the dassie quartier Montparnasse, or n the other side into the swell region of the Pare Monecaux, you will nd court-yards, lleys, and streets of little studios great hen-

THE GENIUS OF THE TOMBIS occupied by its ST. MARCEAU. clucking, chatter-ing, much-puffed-up setting hen—of gigan-te proportions, 'tis true, and masculine persuasion, but just as certainly a "setting aen," with all of the strut and importance of that amiable bird when the success of its incubation or the merits of its precious brood are called in question. Here our artistlives and dreams and works: imagines timself inspired, perhaps, latoring with everish ardor, only to be called an ass for his pains; or, on the other hand, it may be hat his chief visible occupation seems to be tolling cigarettes, and yet he wakes up some morning to find himself famous! It s a strange game, and has its tragedies as well as its droll side. Not less astounding to the American vis-

iter in Paris than the amount of artistic work, and everybody's amiliarity with this



STUDENTS' WORK-EDIPUS' DAUGHTERS RE-

STORED TO HIM. orded all classes for thorough art educaion. Beginning at the little night drawing chools of the various arrondissements. chools of the various arrondissements, the young Parisian ascertains at an early ge whether he has the "gift" or no. I call hem little schools, but most of the twenty vards of the city support elementary hools with accommodations for several scores of pupils, wherein all the simple oranches of an art education are taught; trae-hand and mechanical drawing, clay

daling etc. In many of these, besides a rall equipment of easts and other parapher-nal a, even models for life-class work are employed. Thus many a gamin of 10 or 12 has acquired a facility with the charcoal or clay that our enthusiastic students of mature years might well regard with envy. These young students never seem to look



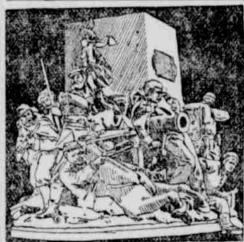
DEAD GREEK WARRIOR-STUDENTS' WORK. upon their work as drudgery, but a grateful

variation from the day's lessons.

Next the novice ascends to the Ecole des

Arts Decoratifs. This is a sort of artistic high school to which flock apprentices and schoolboys, art students and artisans from all parts of the city to the number of 700. Here the facilities, grade of instruction. and standard of excellence are greatly advanced. Prominent artists give instruc-tion in modeling, drawing, and designing. Next in this series of Government insti-tutions comes the Ecole des Beaux Arts. This celebrated school, with its forty pro-fessors and 1,500 students in the various epartments of painting, sculpture, archi-ecture, and engraving, is too well known o require more than a mention. To its amed ateliers and lecture-rooms the young talent of France, thoroughly grounded in the elementary studies from long practice in the subordinate schools, passes in evernoreasing numbers. Apprentices from the studios of "old masters," pensioners from provincial art schools corresponding to the provincial art schools corresponding to the "Arts Decoratifs," already mentioned, skilled workers from that institution, ambitious foreigners, bemedaled and bewildered, all huddle together in that monastery, and, gazing upon the work of their predecessors who have toiled their six, saven, sight and ten years even acknowless. seven, eight, and ten years, even, acknowledge themselves but beginners, and se remacives once more to learning the A, B Governmental generosity does not stop

ere, even. There remains one more step Not content with equipping the greatest art school in the world, with making the position of professor there such an honor that world-famous masters compete like school boys for the distinction, and throw-ing all this open gratuitously to the youth of their own and foreign lands, they estab-lished, many years ago, the "Prix de This is a competition open



MILITARY MONUMENT, BY A. CROISSY. every French artist under 30 years of age. which sends each year to Rome the fortunate architect, sculptor, and painter, who after a long and searching series of examinations, shall have proven himself most worthy of this great jounty. Once in the eternal city, the pensioner is freed for the space of three years from every care bespace of three years from every care beyond that of executing certain original works. He is provided with studio and lodgings in the Villa Medicis, and, with an ample supply of money and a "keeper," he can lead, during those three blissful years, the artists' ideal life.

God forbid that our nation should ever reach that state of moral rottenness and emptiness which is revealed at every step



THE NEST, BY A. CROISSY.

in Paris. It shows itself equally in French art and literature; worse still, though inevitably, in French life and home relations.

But the moral tendency of art is one thing; its technical strength quite another.

Let us first endeavor to find wherein lies the "strength" of French sculpture. We find among the French sculptures of the day two distinct tendencies at work leaving their impress on all products of the chisel. The vigor of French sculpture is better illustrated than described. The reader is, therefore, referred to the accompanying

ents. As closely as are bound together in life our sp.ritual and physical natures, so closely are united in every work of art the two elements of purpose and for Having shown which of these li the superiority French art, it hardly necessary point out the weakaess in Fre sculpture. If the a in moder Frence sculpture turdy strength such as the wo has not seen sin the terrible Micha hewed god-lit figures from th lid stone with ompass or mod

other hand as glaring a weakness in much of their work. IN FOBIAS AND THE FISHnuch of their work. STUDENTS' WORK.

Is their art licentious? Very often, yes, and honestly so; because many of them believe license the chief end of existence, and its expression the culminating flower of art, cest la nature, they say. It is nature, and therefore right. Can they put soul into their work? Alas.

they have no souls themselves. Conceived in inliquity, raised in corruption—to will-fully paraphrase the Scriptures—knowing to be given up concerning them.

nothing of the sweetness of true home life. nothing of the sweetness of true home life, their only God the wooden or bronze bon I isu of a besotted priesthood, which they soon recognize as an ingenious contrivance for extorting their money and controlling their women—poor fellows, truly "they know not what they do." If barbarous lands can be more benighted I must despiringly widen yet again my belief in the possibilities of human degradation.

And so they make what they can. Poetle

And so they make what they can. Poetle subjects are very often turned into prose. Sentiment becomes cold and inane. or, worse still, lewd and suggestive of all that is debasing. These are sweeping charges, and there are happily many notable exceptions—painters of real sentiment, like Messon, Maignan, and Adan, and sculptors of high character and nobility of high character and nobility of purpose. Of these true artists I shall have something of these true artists a sticles.

Lorado Tart.

Bearing Another's Sin. My heroine, whom we will call Margaret, was a slim, fair girl of 17, shy and retiring to excess. She lived with a young married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Field, and was treated by them as one of the family.

One evening Mrs. Field was out driving with a friend, and as they were passing a Mrs. Smith's house, a slanderous report that was current in the neighborhood concerning this Mrs, Smith came into Mrs. Field's mind, and she earelessly repeated it to her friend in the ordinary conversational tone. Mrs. Smith happened to be out in her garden, and owing to the late-ness of the hour, and to the shrubbery, she was not seen by the ladies in the carriage. She overheard a greater part of what they were saying. Boiling with anger, she sent word early the next morning to Mr. Field that his wife had spread an evil story about her, and that she intended to have the matter taken to court.

The first thing Margaret heard on coming from her room that morning was the bitter sobbing of Mrs. Field. She inquired the cause, and was overwhelmed to learn the direful effects that would follow if Mrs. Smith persisted in her determination to take the affair to court, for Mr. Field was already heavily in debt, having gone into an extensive business, and if he were forced to go to law about this difficulty his prospects might be ruined.

Then this brave little girl came to the rescue. As it was late in the evening she said Mrs. Smith had probably only recognized the horse and carriage and not Mrs. Field, and that she, Margaret, would bear the burden, and say it was she who had uttered the slander. If the matter should then be carried to the court there was no one in the world but herself to suffer, and, although the thought of staining her fair reputation was very bitter, she was determined to take the blame upon herself sooner than see her friends suffer so greatly.

At first they would not hear of it, but she finally succeeded in having her own way, and then donning a hat, started at once for Mrs. Smith's home. She explained to that lady that she and not Mrs. Field was the one to bear the blame, but that she was very sorry, and that the report should go no further, as far as lay in her power to prevent it, and at last begged the lady to nstead of Mrs. Field, for had always entertained a violent dislike.—Philadelphia Press.

How He Conceals Himself.

Those who have seen animals only in a menagerie can have little idea how differently they appear in their native forests. The giraffe, for example, eludes observation to a degree almost incredible, as is shown by the follow-

When we come to the giraffe, we cannot at first understand that the size, height, and bold coloring that make it so conspicuous on open ground should become its most effectual means of concealment when among trees. The animal feeds mostly upon the leaves of a species of acacia-called by the Boers "kameeldorn," or giraffe-thorn -stretching its long neck among the branches, and with its lithe, slender tongue plucking the pendent leaves

from the twigs. When it is standing among the acacias, it can with difficulty be distinguished from them, its long slender legs resembling the trunk, and the head and neck being lost among the branches; while the spots, which are so conspicuous in the open country, harmonize so faithfully with the broken patches of light and shade thrown by the leaves, that even the huge body is indistinguishable at a little distance. Not even the native hunters, with their highly trained vision, can decide whether a little clump of three or four acacias be tenanted by the giraffe or whether it be empty. Even a telescope or a field-glass will fail to ascertain the presence of the giraffe.

The anaconda, also, can lie unseen in the forest, the beautiful diamondshaped patterns of the body resembling the lichens, mosses, and fleckings of light and shade upon the tree-trunks, So close is the resemblance that a man has been known to seat himself upon the body of a gorged and sleeping anaconda, mistaking it for the object which it simulated. Similarly, the spotted jaguar of the New World, and the leopard in the Old World, are practically invisible among the branches of trees, and depend on this fact for their ability to capture the wary and active monkeys.

Accounted For.

Husband-I saw quite an unusual sight on the train to-night, my dear. The brakeman actually assisted a woman to carry out her bundles when the train stopped.

Wife-How nice of him! And was it an old lady? Husband-Oh, no; it was a very pretty girl.

A Little Caution.

Jakey-I vas goin' to tell you a

hoke, fadder. Der vas-Mr. Orpenheimer (excitedly)-Don't you tell no shokes here, Jakey. Der vas two gustomers in der store, and if dev laugh de new suits von't last till dev get to der door .- Omaha Republi-

THERE is a burden of care in getting riches-fear in keeping them; temptation in using them; guilt in abusing

FLASHES OF FUN.

CALLED to order-The waiter. A PIFLE team: A pair of pickpockets. How can short felt for hats supply a

long felt want? THE electrician is a good soldier. He knows how to charge a battery.

Goes without saying-the young man too bashful to pop the question. "DID you ever fall in love?" "Yes, but got out-with the assistance of her

A MAN may not be afraid of danger, but he looks down in the mouth when he prepares to descend into a mine.

A DISPATCH says "whisky is going up in New York." The New-Yorkers, are probably sucking it through straws.

"Ir's no more than right,"
So say all the misses.
"That the boys should bring gumdrops
When we furnish kisses."

No. Colonel, you cannot lay a railroad with hen tracks any more than you can get a mosquito bill through An exchange speaks of "a new to-bacco center." An old tobacco scenter

is the man who smokes a vile cigar in the parlor. A Kansas minister says: "I have been a far more useful man since the

Lord revealed to me that I was never to be a great man." "Another hunting accident." That seems to be the principal occupation of hunters-hunting accidents. And they

find them frequently. IMPERTINENCE: Cabby-Where ars you going, sir? Bjackson-None of your business. Just drive there, and

stop asking impertment questions. THERE is no use camping out for the sake of keeping cool. At the New York militia encampment the heat was in tents, just the same as elsewhere.

THE regular recipe: Miss Twinkle Why, Mr. Winkle, what a cold you have. Are you taking anything for it? Mr. Winkle—Yes, ma'am; four pockethandkerchiefs a day.

"I can't understand all this fuss about using electricity for executions," remarked Judge Lynch, of Kansas, reflectively. "Out in our section we have used the telegraph pole for years."

In the Sullivan case in Mississippi a deputy sheriff couldn't swear that the ring was in Marion county. Marion is the only county in the United States, then, that hasn't a ring-court house

A COUNTRYMAN had consulted a fortune-teller as to his future: "You'll be poor, kind sir, until you're 30," was the prediction of the Pythoness. "And then?" "Oh! after that you'll get used to it.

A BEDRIDDEN patient in a Kansas hospital who was experimented on with the elixir of life, was able to leave his bed the next day. He had to, in fact, in order to fill a place prepared for him in the cemetery.

A PASSENGER On an ocean steamer complaining of the untidiness of the forgive and to forget. And Mrs. Smith table service, said it didn't look as did so, finding it was only Margaret, though it was ever washed on board. Waiting for it to be washed ashore probably," said a companion.

"Well, my dear, how would Farmer Brown suit you for a husband? He seems uncommon sweet on you lately." "Perhaps so, father; but his hair is so red that—" "True, true, my child; but you should recollect that he has very little of it."

BRAKEMAN-Rushville! Rushville! Train stops here ten minutes for lunch! Deacon Blossum-Seems to me that's a mighty queer rule, Mirandy. Well, let's git out that basket o' sandwiches quick if we've got to eat

'em in ten minutes. MISS SLYPPE-Mr. Penfeather is so easily embarrassed, don't you think? I asked him vesterday to tell me inst what he really thought of me, and he was so taken by surprise that he could not say a word. Miss Flyppe-That was not embarrassment, it was merely

politeness. "Do you belong to the salvation army?" he asked of a stern-visaged woman who stood at his side. "No, sir: I do not. But in this generation of tired men," she added, with a withering glance at the row of sitting males, "I seem to belong to the standing army." She got a seat

BLINKS-What has become of De Fashion? Jinks-He and his family are in Europe. They wanted to go, and I paid their expenses, "Eh? Wha-you paid their expenses?" "Well, it amounts to the same thing. I saw their summer cottage advertised for rent and I rented it."

"VELL, Mr. Isnacstein, how ish bissness?" "Bissness vos pood good, aber noding eggstra." "I haf been hafing a poody hard time myselluf. My poy laid der fly paper on der chair and I sat down on it." "Vhell, how does dot affect your bissness?" "I got shtuck on fly-paper, don't it?"

"Say, Uncle Jake, I won't be a sail-or!" "Why not, Fred?" "'Cause this book I'm readin' says a ship has a spanker." "But it isn't the sort of spanker you're thinkin' of Fred." "What's the difference, Uncle Jake?" "On board a ship you hoist the spanker, but ashore the spanker hoists you."

OF TWO EVILS. OF TWO EVILS.

"Ah, false, fickle woman," he savagely said,
"I hoped once that you doe my wife,
And now I find out that you are going to wed
An old brute that eats pie with a knife."

"I think it is all for the best, Willie dear",
(And she let just one tear slowly fall),
"Yor If I married you, my poor boy, I fear
That there would be no pie at all."

An Eye to Business.

A couple of burglars had just ransacked a lawyer's house. The legal light was aroused by the midnight marauders, and just as they were about to leave his room he handed them a pasteboard.

"My card," he said. "If you are caught by the police you may want counsel."—Judge.

DR. HAMMOND says that drinking water chills the solar-plexus. What makes the statement more deplorable is the fact that hundreds of thousands of water-drinkers never before knew that they had a solar-plexus. Such them; and a burden of account at last | startling information is calculated to perplea us.